

Last Goodbye

by Kuma

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Disclaimer: I don't own the charaters, just the plot. Don't sue because I have nothing.

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Author's note: I will finish my other stories one day. I just had an insperation to write this. :) Also, this is set in the future. Buffy's in her senior year in collage.

>
Feedback: Yes, please. It would make my day happier!

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Summery: Buffy's out patrolling and something happens.

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>Pitch black skies lined the city of Sunnydale. A dark haze accompnied it letting no stars to be seen, just the empty picture of the sky. The moon was the only indication that there was infact, stars to be seen, but they were playing hide and seek in the dark haze above. Bright and round, the moon casted a shadow over the dark parts of the city.

>Complete silence enveloped the city. It was like a curse had been placed over the small town. Nothing could be heard. No dogs barking, cars, ambulances, and even the Bronze was silent. There was no wind, making the air dead. Perhaps to match the looks of Sunnydale.

>The silence was broken by the harsh noise of boots clicking noisily on the pavement.

>Buffy walked briskly down the street. It was ten and she had to make one last sweep through the cemetary on her way back to her dorm.

>The pounding of her boots stopped as she stepped on the soft grass of the cemetary. As she peered ahead, she saw the back of a person. She stopped to observe what she could. From what she could see, they looked like they were crouched and digging up something. She let out

a small gasp as she saw the person look towards her. Buffy moved quickly behind some bushes before they could see her.

>From the light, she saw that it was a vampire. The ridges on his face were nothing like the other vampires. There were a few formed on his face, but they were larger than usual. Buffy sensed that he was stronger than any normal vampire, but decided that he nothing she couldn't handle.

>The Slayer walked slowly as to not alert the vampire of her presence. Her walk was like that of a tiger's, silent and deadly. Before she could get close enough to launch her attack, the vampire looked behind him.

>"So, we finally meet, Slayer," he hissed. His voice was low and rough.

>"You guys never stop digging, do you?" she quipped. Buffy slid the stake she had in her sleeve down to her palm. She kept her wrist turned so he couldn't see it.

>Her stood up, bringing a sword with him. The blade shined in the moon light. "Not if you're digging up this," he replied.

>"A big sword. Hate to tell you this, but you can now get one of those without digging in the ground."

>The vampire lifted the sword up and examined it. "For such a small girl, you talk too much."

>Buffy flexed the stake in her hand. She studied the vampire's face to learn his moves, just like Giles had taught her. "You're not really big on people, are you?"

>"I'm really big on insides," he said, pointing the sword towards her.

>She let out a sigh. "Let me guess. You have to rip me open and play with my guts."

>"Close. I'm going to slice you open."

>"I don't think so." Buffy let the stake slip farther into her hand.

>The vampire ran and swung the sword at her. She ducked and kicked his legs out from under him. The vampire landed on his back, dropping the sword in his hand. She had turned so fast from kicking him that the stake flew out of her hand.

>Helpless and thinking forward to her advantage, she rushed to the sword before the vampire could get up. As she reached down to get it, the vampire grabbed her ankle and pulled.

>Buffy felt onto the sword. As the vampire pulled her back, her face was scraped up against the blade. She winced at the slight pain. She kicked her legs to tried and free herself from his grasp and succeeded by kicking him in the face.

>The vampire let go and grabed his face. They both stood up and faced each other. Buffy wiped her cheek where the blade had cut. She hissed as she felt the deep cut.

>"Slayer's blood," he said smelling the rich slayer blood. "Smells sweet and rich. Can't wait to sink my teeth into your soft neck."

>"Yeah, well, a lot of vampires have said that. And look, I'm still standing," she said back.

>The vampire picked up the sword. "Now, you will die," he said charging at her once again, sword up in an attacking position.

>Buffy dodged out of the way. She was almost as fast as him. Almost. But this time, she was a second too slow. The sword came down hard, slicing the skin below her stomach. The Slayer tumbled back in pain and landed on the ground right when her insides came out, they too were bleeding. Looking up, she saw the vampire hovering over her.

>"I told you I would play with your guts," he said harshly. He let out a laugh right when a stake was plunged into his heart. The vampire turned to dust.

>Buffy looked at her savior. "Willow?" she said right before she passed out.

>* * *

>Willow sat nervously in the waiting room. She had been there for over three hours and not recieved a word yet. She looked at the clock. It was three minutes since the last time she checked. Why did it seem a lot longer?

>"Ms. Rosenberg?" a musculine voice said.

>She let out a small gasp, startled. It was the doctor. She stood up. "How is she?"

>"She's concious. That's a good sign," he said.

>Willow let out a sigh of relief. "That's good," she said with a big grin.

>The doctor wiped his brow. "However, she only has a fifty-precent chance of living."

>"Oh, God. Can I go see her?" she asked immediatly.

>He nodded. "She's in room 251. It's the third door on your right," he instructed.

>"Thank you," Willow said. She hurried down the hall and found the room quickly. The door was open and she glanced inside. Buffy was laid flat down on the bed. She entered the room.

>At the sound of the foot steps, Buffy looked at Willow step in. "Hey, Willow," she said softly.

>"Hi. How are you doing?" Willow asked. She pulled a chair up to Buffy's bed and sat down.

>Buffy smiled at her friend's concern. "I'm fine. A little pain, but fine."

>"The doctor told me that you have a fifty-percent chance of living."

>Buffy knew he was lying. She had talked to the doctor before he had visited Willow. He told her that her organs were too serverly damaged. They were beyond repair. She would die. Not right away, but within a day. She had asked him to tell her that. She didn't want her best friend to know about her dying. Atleast not right now.

>She nodded. "He told me."

>"Xander's on his way. He should be here shortly. I couldn't get a hold of your mom, but I left a message for her to come back right away. Giles is on the first flight here. And Cordelia and Angel left as soon as I told them."

>Giles had went back to England for the year to visit a friend. Joyce was on another Gallery trip. Xander had moved two hours away from Sunnydale to persue his career as a weapon's trainer. Angel remained in L.A. with his agency with Cordelia and Doyle. The only time they saw eachother was when it was nessecary.

>"Thanks Willow."

>"No problem."

>Buffy took in a deep breath and winced. It hurt to breath because she had to raise her lower stomach. "I think I'll just take a nap," she said.

>"Okay," Willow said. "I'll just wait outside. If you need anything, just call me, okay?"

>Buffy smiled. "I will."

>Willow went outside as Buffy took her nap. To her, Buffy seemed fine.

>In the following two to three hours, Xander arrived when Buffy still slept. Still, he went in and said his blessing for her.

>She had woken up after Xander left and called him back in to talk.

>"Hey, Xander. How are you?" Buffy asked. She hadn't seen him in almost a year.

>He sat in the same chair that Willow did. "I'm doing great. The whole halloween deal has helped me out a lot."

>"Well, I'm glad one of us has put it to use." She let out a small laugh, but stopped when she felt pain.

>Xander noticed. "Do you need anything?"

>She shook her head. "No, I just need to rest some more. I'm sorry I couldn't talk to you more."

>He stood up. "I understand, Buffy. Don't worry about it. You just get some rest. We can always talk whenever you feel better."

>Buffy fought back the tears forming in her eyes. He didn't know how wrong he could be. She only nodded and watched as he walked out the door.

>After Xander left, she took another nap. She was getting more tired and her Buffy's breathing had slowed down. She knew she only had at the most was a couple of hours to live. She kept fighting so she could hopefully see her angel one last time.

>Almost an hour after she had fallen asleep, she woke up because of a sharp pain. She knew she couldn't fight it any longer. Her lower organs couldn't hold in the blood. She would die of internal bleeding.

>"Willow," Buffy called out.

>Willow rushed in. She saw the tears in her best friend's eyes.

"What's wrong, Buffy?"

>"I can't fight it any longer, Will," she said in a shaky voice. She kept the tears back as she spoke.

>Willow shook her head. "I don't understand. What are you talking about?" she asked confused.

>"I'm going to die," she said, her voice still shaky.

>The red head stared at the girl in disbelief. "But you're concious. The doctor said you had a fifty percent chance!"

>"I know. I told him to say that."

>"What?"

>"I didn't want you to know right away." Buffy replied.

>"Why?"

>"I was-am in so much pain, Willow," she continued, "I don't want anyone else to know. Just let them think I passed away quietly."

>Tears were gliding down her face. "I don't understand."

>Buffy, too, was crying. "I don't either. I didn't do anything wrong. What did I do to die?"

>"Oh, Buffy." By now, Willow was over whelmed. She could hardly breath.

>The Slayer put herself back together. "Promise me something, Willow."

>"Anything," she promised.

>"Promise the tell my mother that I love her very much," she let her tears fall. "Tell Giles that he was the best Watcher. I've always thought of him as my father. And tell him that I love him. Tell him that I'm sorry I wasn't careful. That I should've known better than to go up against that vampire.

>"To Xander, tell him I'm proud of him. Don't let him give up his dream, Willow. And Willow, You've been through so much with me. You're my best friend, my sister. I love you."

>Both girls were crying. "Buffy, I love you too," Willow replied.

>"And for Angel, tell him that I'm sorry I couldn't wait. I tried to, but it's too hard," she cried harder.

>"Buffy?" a masculine voice asked.

>Buffy gasped. Only one person could have that voice. "Angel."

>"I'm going to go now, Buffy," Willow said, still crying.

>"Come here, Willow," Buffy requested between sobs. Willow walked to her bed. "One last hug." The two girls hugged for a minute and then Willow left for Buffy to be alone with Angel.

>"I waited as long as I could, Angel. I wanted to see you one last time before I died," Buffy said. She had regained control over her voice, but couldn't stop the tears that streamed down her face.

>Angel recongnized the words. They were the same words that he had said when he almost died. His heart broke to see her crying in pain and that she would soon die. He walked beside her bed and put his hand on top of hers. "Don't cry, Buffy," he said softly. He reached up and stroked her cheek. He knew there was nothing he could do. Angel kept back his tears, only letting his eyes water. He had to be strong for her.

>Buffy rubbed her cheek against his cool hand. "I love you so much, Angel. More than anything," she said, her voice cracking.

>A tear slid down Angel's face. He still tried to hold in his tears in to be strong. "I love you, too, Buffy. You are the one thing in this world that makes me completely happy. You know that. You're like no one I've ever met. You were the first person I fell in love with and always will be," he said sincerely.

>That only made Buffy cry harder. Some of it was because of the pain, but most of it was because of what he said. She looked into his eyes. "I never slept with anyone else, Angel."

>"You don't need to tell me this."

>She nodded. "You need to know. I *want* you to know. I never found anyone else. The whole Riley thing was just another Scott thing. I didn't date anyone after him."

>"Buffy-"

>"I need you to know, Angel," Buffy interrupted. She felt her heart slow down, almost stopping. She closed her eyes and let the tears fall, realizing that she was about to die. She fought it, but it was so hard.

>"Buffy."

>Angel's soft voice made her fight a little harder. She opened her eyes and saw that he was crying.

>"I love you," he wispered.

>"I love you," she wispered back.

>Angel bent down to kiss her one last time. It was a soft kiss on the lips. As he pulled away, he saw Buffy smile as she took her last breath.

>Buffy Anne Summers passed away at 4:53 A.M. <p><p>

End
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